GERMAN M. O. THEORY

Public Utilities Operated by Cities Must Pay Their Way.

They Don't Always Do This However Because Not Enough Is Charged Off to Depreciation and the Plants Don't Have to Pay Taxes—"Undertakings" Limited to Localities Where the Patronage Will Be Large.

In theory public utilities operated by German cities must pay their own way. This theory is not, however, fully borne out in practice, because the allowance for depreciation is frequently inadequate, and the plants are not required to make good the taxes formerly paid by the companies they superseded. But the effort to put these services on a paying basis has resulted in limiting the various undertakings to districts where they are sure to pay. On the other hand, when these utilities are operated by companies the same restrictive results are noticed, because almost without exception the franchises are so weighted down with provisions for payments to the city and are at the same time of such short duration that the companies would not be warranted in extending the service beyond the districts in which they are sure to pay at once.

Professor Hugo R. Meyer in recent articles in the Electrical Railway Review and the Journal of Political Economy describes the results of this restrictive policy on street railways and electric lighting, and the following facts are taken from his articles:

The cities that went into the street railway business adopted a uniform fare of 2.5 cents, but with two exceptions abandoned this after short trials. The experience of two typical German cities will prove of interest as showing what high rates are charged when cities attempt to operate utilities on a paying basis.

When the city of Cologne took over the street railways the fares charged were 2.5 cents for distances up to 1.5 miles and 3.75 cents for the maximum distance, 6.9 miles. After operating them awhile the city authorities raised the fare materially while extending slightly the minimum stage. The present charges are 2.5 cents for 1.9 miles, 3.75 cents for 3.75 miles, 5 cents for 5.63 miles and 6.25 cents for distances over 5.63 miles.

The city of Dusseldorf, which acquired its street railways in 1900, attempted to operate them at the uniform fare of 2.5 cents, which had been charged by the street railway company, but soon found that it was losing money and limited the 2.5 cent fare to 2.44 miles, charging 3.75 cents for distances between that and 4.25 miles. After increasing the track mileage the city again raised the fare considerably, reducing the minimum stage. The prices now charged are 2.5 cents for 1.56 miles, 3.75 cents for 3.19 miles, 5 cents for 4 miles, 6.25 cents for 4.75 miles, 7.5 cents for 6.38 miles, 8.75 cents for 7.19 miles and 10 cents for 7.94 miles.

It should be borne in mind that these prices are really very much higher than corresponding rates would be in this country, because wages in Germany are much lower than in the United States. The exorbitance of these charges is shown by the fact that in Minneapolis, a city of the same size as Dusseldorf, a passenger can ride thirteen miles for 5 cents, while in Buffalo, which has a population about equal to that of Cologne, the passenger gets fourteen miles for a nickel.

The desire of the cities to make all possible profits out of franchises and to limit them to short terms has resulted in greatly delaying the development of public electric lighting, although the people were anxious to have the new lights installed. This is [illegible] by the fact that in 1894-95 there were in operation in factories, stores, etc., more than 4,776 private electric light plants, although two years later there were only a little more than 300 central electric lighting stations in the whole of Germany. As the private or isolated plant, as it is called in this country, is far less economical than the central station, this restrictive action of the German cities has thrown a great burden of cost on its progressive citizens. The situation is the more remarkable because at the time of the introduction of electricity for lighting and traction purposes Germany was far better equipped to perfect and develop these systems than was the United States, yet it has been completely outstripped by our own country, chiefly if not solely because here private enterprise has been given a comparatively free hand.

In closing one of his articles Professor Meyer says:

"The unwillingness of the cities to suffer financial losses on behalf of the congested city populations after those cities had denied those congested populations relief at the hands of profit seeking companies is in instructive contrast to the eloquence with which the advocates of purchase by the cities had denounced the dividend seeking companies."

Stood the Test.

Coasters of Cape Cod can tell where they are by a scrutiny of the sand brought up by the lead. Captain Bunker, confined to his cabin by sickness, once directed that the lead should be brought to his berth for his inspection. The craft belonged to Nantucket and was in a sand ballast. The mate, doubting the captain's infallibility, dropped the lead into the ballast.

The captain's eyes dilated when he saw it, and he asked, "Do you say you got this sand by sounding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by the great horn spoon, Nantucket's sunk, and we are right over Tupper's Hill!"

Hard Praying.

An old colored man stole a pig and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep with Uncle Eph still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased. "Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife. "Let me 'lone, 'Riah. De mo' I tries to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I gits mixed."

A Castle In Spain.

By JUSTICE MILES FORMAN.

STUBBS showed me into the red drawing room, the little one, because there was a fire there, and said that Lady Elinor would be down soon. I found Sibyl and the Persian cat informally occupying the hearth rug. The cat moved away with a distrustful backward glance, but Sibyl, abandoning for a moment a huge and misshapen lump of something which would seem to have been toffee, gave me a very sticky hand.

"I'd offer you some toffee," said she, in a tone of reckless generosity, "but I—I'm afraid I've licked it all over."

"Oh, not any, thanks," said I hastily, "not that I should object to your having—er, licked it; but you see I'd just had a large quantity of it before coming here. I—I'm very apt to stop in at—at a shop and eat toffee," I concluded wildly.

Sibyl gave a sigh of all too obvious relief—though mingled with sadness.

"I don't have it often," she suggested; "not so very often."

"You shall have it every day," I cried; "pounds of it! The idea of not allowing you all the toffee you want! It's barbarous."

Sibyl wagged a melancholy head.

"I'm not allowed half enough," she declared. "This—this morning I—stole some from Elinor—only it wasn't toffee, it was chocolate. It hurts yet," she grieved, stirring about uneasily upon the hearth rug.

"Oh," said I, leaning forward sympathetically, "tummy?"

"That's not where I'm smacked," said Sibyl, with dignity. There was a painful silence for quite a minute or two. The Persian cat, having reconnoitered from the middle distance, at last returned and sat down with an absent air upon the lump of toffee, but was indignantly pushed away by the proprietor of the same.

"Why did the cat go away, Sib, when I came in?" I inquired.

"Flossie Bray—I mean, Lord Brayton—was here this afternoon," said Sibyl significantly.

"The devil!" said I. "I would say, the deuce!" I apologized.

"Oh, you needn't mind me," declared Sibyl. "Dad uses—language, sometimes—quite often. He called me a little devil the other day."

"No!" I cried in a shocked tone. "He couldn't have, really!"

"He did," insisted Sibyl.

"I don't want to seem curious," said I in a deprecatory way, "but—but what had you been doing, Sib?"

"Just sailing boats in his bath," said Sibyl. "And—and one of them sank to the bottom, and I expect I forgot to take it out. Dad must have sat down in the bath the very first thing," she continued reflectively.

"Oh," said I. "I think I understand. Of course that was some provocation, wasn't it? But we're leaving our muttons—I mean our Lord Brayton. I take it he's not fond of cats."

"He tried to kick Frou Frou," cried Sibyl resentfully. "I paid him, though. I did things to his hat."

"Good old Sib!" said I.

"I'd much rather Elinor would marry you than Flossie Brayton," observed Sibyl, attacking the toffee.

"Thank you, Sib," said I gratefully. "So would I—I've told her so no end of times."

"He was kissing her hand today," continued Sibyl with disgust. "That was when he tried to kick Frou Frou, just because Frou Frou rubbed up against his legs in a perfectly friendly way."

"Kissing her hand, was he?" I growled. "The beast! Kissing her—Sibyl, my dear, I can't allow you to tell me—er—family secrets. You know it's not proper. Really it isn't."

"Rot!" said Sibyl elegantly. "And he put a ring on it, too—her hand, you know. What would he be doing that for? She wouldn't let him kiss her, though. She said: 'Not yet. Give me a little' "—

"Sibyl," said I firmly, "that is enough. I mustn't listen to you. Elin—Lady Elinor wouldn't like it at all. Ah, Sib, Sib, it's a bitter world! I can't see any good in it."

"What can't you see any good in?" inquired Lady Elinor from the doorway."

I rose and made a bow.

"I can't see any good," said I, "in not giving Sib all the sweets she wants. Cutting her off that way only leads to immorality."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"It's very bad for Sibyl's tummy," said she.

"Her tummy?" I inquired. "Why, I should have said it was rather"— But a gentleman never betrays a confidence, and I held my peace.

Lady Elinor sat down in the big chair before the fire and leaned forward with her elbows upon her knees. I tried to catch a glimpse of her left hand, but it was hidden in the folds of her gown.

"Sib, darling," said she presently, "your hands are very, very shocking. Don't you want to go and have them washed as a special favor to me?"

Sibyl swallowed the last of the toffee and departed with the Persian cat under one arm.

"I told him that Flossie Brayton tried to kick Frou Frou," she said from the doorway.

"Ah," cried Lady Elinor, looking up at me very quickly, "so Sib told you?"

"Yes," said I. "Yes, Sib said that—that Brayton had been here today. Ah, is it true—is it true, Elinor?"

Lady Elinor raised her left hand from the folds of her skirt, and the ring was there on the third finger, a ruby between two diamonds. It looked like Brayton, just the showy sort of thing Brayton would choose.

"Why, yes, Teddy," said Lady Elinor, rather low—"yes, it's true. You're the first one I've told. Won't you say something nice to me, Teddy?"

"I hope," said I, looking into the fire, "that you'll always have all the toffee you want, so that you won't have to steal it, like poor Sib, and be smacked. I hope your life will be as beautiful as you are, Elinor. I hope your future will be an illuminated page and your memory a blank one. I hope you'll be as happy as ever you've dreamed of being."

"Oh, no, no, Ted," cried Lady Elinor softly, "not that! I shan't be as happy as I've dreamed of being, so don't hope that—if you really did hope it.

"I told him that Flossie Brayton tried to kick Frou Frou."

As happy as I've dreamed of being! Ah, rather not! You don't know what a girl dreams, Teddy. You're nothing but a man, you see."

"Oh, I've had my dreams," said I, "and cherished them somewhat. It appears I must forget them, or try to. No, I don't fancy you will be as happy as you've dreamed. It's a pity."

"Yes," sighed Lady Elinor. "Ah, yes, it's a pity! Still, dreams never come true, do they, Teddy?"

"I've heard that theory advanced," said I, "but I don't recollect ever to have seen it proved."

"Why, if they could come true," said Elinor in a half whisper, "if they could"—

"You wouldn't be wearing that very handsome ring," I suggested.

"No," said Lady Elinor, "I shouldn't be wearing Brayton's ring. I shouldn't be doing what they all want me to do—what they all expect me to do."

"All?" I objected.

Lady Elinor turned her head with a little sweet half sad smile, and I took a firm hold upon the arms of my chair.

"All," she murmured—"all, Ted, but one—one very foolish and—and very dear dissenter, who's dear for his great, great folly and foolish because—why, because he's such a dear."

"But whose opinion is of no weight," said I.

"Whose opinion," said Lady Elinor, "must be of no weight, must be erased with—with the other—dear things to make that memory page blank."

"Ah, that memory page!" said I.

"It's the sweetest of all the pages," she murmured, "the very sweetest."

"If only it needn't be erased," said I.

"Erased it must be," declared Lady Elinor firmly. "Oh, Teddy, Teddy, weren't they good old days, those days? How did we ever come to stray out of paradise, Teddy, after we'd gone so far in? Is there a little masked gate in the wall that we opened by chance, that we thought would lead us still farther in? Were we too busy looking at each other to see where our feet were turned?"

"We didn't stray out," said I, with my head in my hands. "We were chucked out—by the main gate. Ask your mother how, Elinor."

But Lady Elinor was looking into the fire with a little faraway smile, and her face, with the soft red glow thrown up across it, was the most beautiful thing a man ever saw.

"Of course we were only children," she cried softly, "but such dear children, Ted. Why mayn't people be children always? Why must they grow up?"

"They needn't grow up," said I.

"Why must they be taught wisdom?" demanded Elinor. "Why mayn't they be left in their belief that love is the only thing?"

"Love is the only thing, Elinor," said I. "Wisdom's a lie. Love is the only thing."

Lady Elinor shook her head.

"The wise people say no, Teddy," she murmured. "They tell me that love is all dreams, castles in Spain, and that there's no happiness in Spain."

"I should make you happier than ever Brayton will," said I bitterly. It was a contemptible thing to say, for she was wearing Brayton's ring.

Elinor gave a little, low, gasping cry, and her eyes closed for an instant.

"He—tried to—kiss me—today!" she whispered presently. "I nearly—screamed! Ah, yes, yes, Ted, you would make me happier. Is happiness all, Teddy?"

"Upon my faith," said I.

"They say not," said Elinor. "Oh, I should—I shall become used to—Brayton after—after awhile. He's a good sort, Ted. He loves me, I think, and—and he has a great deal of money. I shall be a power, shan't I?"

"Is that enough?" said I.

"It isn't what I'd dreamed, Ted," she said. "I'd dreamed—oh, such a life! No power, Teddy; no great position—just happiness! Just two young, foolish, dear people, who loved each other madly, worshiped each other—just their life together, a selfish life, I suppose, for no one else came into it at all. There were just the two of—of them, and nothing else counted in the least. They never grew up, you know, my two people; they wouldn't let each other grow up. They were infants, always, about most things. Oh, weren't they dears! I'd dreamed all sorts of beautiful little particulars, details about them—my people in Spain! What they'd do and what they'd say and how they'd act toward each other; how they'd sit before the fire of a nasty day or an evening in—in just one chair, not such a very big chair. Fires are so comfy and make you want to be nice and say nice things. They're so noddy and sputtery and bless-you-my-childreny. People couldn't row over an open fire, could they? Sometimes they'd talk—when they wanted to—and say the things they wanted, and sometimes they'd stop, and understand each other quite as well—that's a test—oh, and I—I think she'd like her head where—it belonged, and if he should happen to kiss her, there'd be no one but the firelight to see, and it would never, never tell. It would be very quiet, and the glow from the fire would be red on their faces, and they would not want another thing in all the world. She'd slip down, I think, to the rug and lean her cheek against his hand and look into the embers, and his other hand would be smoothing her hair as she loved it smoothed. Ah, Teddy, Teddy, wake me! I'm dreaming again, and I mustn't, I mustn't. Bring me back from Spain, Teddy. I mustn't wander there. That's the life I've dreamed of. Isn't it mad? That isn't what's before me."

"No," said I. "No, Elinor, that isn't what's before you. Have you thought of what you've to look forward to? Listen. Brayton is thirty-nine—nearly forty. He's growing a bit stout, Elinor. He'll be fat in five years, and he's undeniably bald at the tonsure. He likes his dinner—he even loves it—and for a couple of hours afterward he's somnolent. I don't like talking about men behind their backs, but this is a time for plain speaking. Brayton wouldn't care for sitting a deux before the fire. That wouldn't amuse him. He'd fall asleep and spoil things. No, he'd be off at his club of an evening. Brayton wouldn't fit into a castle in Spain; he's a bit—solid. Still, he'd be nice to you—if you didn't interfere with him. He'd be proud to have you at the head

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In Teddy Bear Land

I'll hide behind the Christmas tree
And give the girls a scare,
For I'm a whooping red Pawnee—
An Injun Teddy Bear!